

T H E

GREAT CONFLICT:

OR

CAUSE AND CURE OF SECESSION,

BY

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SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA :—

We are in the midst of a great National Crisis—a war of unparalleled magnitude—made doubly painful by the fact that it is a civil strife between one section of our country and another. The eyes of the wide world are upon us, gazing with breathless interest to behold the issue of the great Confederate Rebellion. Tyrants and despots are exulting at our calamity, and crying with demoniac pleasure, “Behold the bubble of the American Republic!” The down-trodden and oppressed of the old world, who have ever involuntarily turned their wistful eyes to our country as an Eden of sheltering love, tremble now with a spirit of sorrowful suspense.

To discover the origin, the nature, and the remedy of the evil which has so suddenly befallen our land, is the object and aim of our present discourse. For the views which I shall utter, with the utmost freedom of speech, I have no apologies to offer ; they are such as I cherish in the core of my heart, as I believe, without taint of religious or political prejudice.

I do not expect these views to be endorsed by all before me ; for then there would have been no necessity for further agitation and discussion of the subject, but all would be prepared to act in accordance with their highest established convictions of duty.

I believe that the masses have yet got to be thoroughly aroused to meet the great issues and responsibilities of this war ; and this they can only do successfully, by becoming familiarly acquainted with the nature of the evil which threatens to overthrow the only free, democratic form of government on the face of the earth.

There is too much effort made to hide the real issue which the enemy has forced upon us, and for this reason, it is proposed to probe the evil to its very origin; analyze its nature, and hold up the naked elements of strife to public gaze. The masses must see them. Our President, our Cabinet, our Congress, and Generals in the field, are but the mouthpieces and servants of the people—individuals chosen by you and me to represent our views, and execute our bidding, and woe be to them if they betray the trust confided to their keeping.

In a great crisis like the present, therefore, it behoves every loyal child of America that he summon forth the most latent energies of his heart and head to meet it; bravely and well. Forgetting self, and all party creeds and party lines, he should meet and compare notes with his neighbor, and if they must needs differ, let there be no recriminations; each respecting the sincere convictions of the other, resting assured that where all are loyal, and inspired by love of Country, love of Right and love of Justice, that in the end, under the Providence of an All-wise Disposer of events, the Right shall triumph, and Justice shall be done.

In comparing notes with my hearers, I would ask them to view the subject from my stand-point of observation, and I will from theirs. I shall analyze it in the light of Nature, Reason, Philosophy and History.

First, what is war itself in the light of nature? When we have considered this question briefly, we will seek to learn the *cause* and *cure* of the great civil strife which has arrayed one section of our country against the other in deadly conflict.

Viewed in the light of nature, war is the result of natural causes, common to all things, and partial to none. It is natural, not abnormal; being one of nature's divine methods of establishing a more perfect system of order, harmony and beauty. Untold ages before man existed on this planet, war had been the natural order of things—the maker and builder of beauty and grace.

Before our first parents were, there had been wars and rumors of wars amid the elements of earth. Long ages before

their feet had pressed the virgin soil of Eden's fabled bowers, every square acre of this globe had been a battle field, where ever the right came uppermost. Do you doubt this? Then go read the record written on tables of stone, inscribed by the finger of Almighty God on yonder granite mountains. Go to the depths of the sea, to the summit of the Andes, to the crater of Vesuvius, into the rumbling bowels of earth—go where you will, look where you may, and everywhere you behold the terrible records of war, war, war.

Every square foot of earth beneath our feet bears the scars and marks of this primeval conflict of elements. The science of geology tells us that our earth was once a vast ball of burning molten lava—a seething, boiling, bubbling ocean of fire! Unnumbered ages rolled into eternity before it cooled off and became a fit habitation for man. What wars, what strife, what fiery ordeals of conflict mark the early history of our planet! No language is adequate to portray the awful majesty, the terrific splendor and pageantry of that scene, when the elements of matter martialled themselves in battle-line; and like infuriated deities grappled in deadly strife.

“No words can picture those terrific nights,
When youthful earth passed from depths to heights;
No conflagration however deep or dire,
Could symbol forth the blaze of inward fire.
Peaceful isles to flaming mounts would turn,—
Here a vale would sink, there a valley burn.
The Alps, the Andes, the Appenines, and seas,
The inland lakes, great hills and giant trees
Like angry gods did heave, and burn, and sigh;
And belching mountains sent their flames on high.”

War—merciless, pitiless, imperative war—is the ever present agent of growth in the earlier stages of development. The bursting of a rosebud is the result of a conflict of elements as mighty in itself as that which convulses our nation to-day, or that which makes a world tremble and quake from centre to circumference. All life is accompanied by warfare, whether in the mineral, vegetable, animal, or human kingdoms. Each

human breast is a battle-field, where the divine spirit of Love and Right meet in determined conflict the selfish appetites and passions of animal indulgence.

What means, then, this universal conflict and warfare through the kingdoms of Nature and God? Is it right? Is it necessary? I answer, it exists; aye, it existed long before man could in any way possibly have been responsible for its existence; and I deem that this explanation is sufficient and equivalent to a justification of the fact. Your controversy, if any, must be with the Author of Nature, not me. "I form light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things," is the emphatic declaration of Nature and inspiration. Short-sighted man may think that could he have had a voice in the councils of Eternity, he would have had a world without darkness, without conflict, discord, disease and death. But, instead of murmuring and fault-finding, would it not be better to meet life bravely, and try to learn what uses there are in the ceaseless conflicts and warfares that everywhere mark the progress of events.

One thing is a demonstrated fact in the great world of matter, and my confidence and faith in the integrity of Nature's God, compels me to believe it is equally true in the empire of mind that, the *end* of all these conflicts, is a higher order of existence—more perfect types and forms of being. The end of that primal war—the war of elements in the earth—was the production of a world of beauty, variegated by mighty continents, oceans, seas and rivers; mountains, hills and vales; all teaming with vegetable and animal life, and made vocal by the sighing winds, the murmuring wave, the rippling brook, the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee.

Will not such lessons as these teach us hopefulness and patience; and inspire faith in Him who "ruleth among the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of earth?"

If revolutions in matter, if mighty convulsions and earthquakes are necessary to refine the physical elements, to purify the ocean, and the air we breathe, may not moral earthquakes, and political revolutions and convulsions, sometimes be neces-

sary to agitate the great sea of human life, and save a people or a nation from sinking into a pool of stagnant death?

We have yet to learn that all growth, all progress, is made through the fiery ordeal of strife and conflict and agitation. The blacksmith's arm grows strong and vigorous only through exercise, by constant conflict and warfare with the crude materials of the earth. Mountainous obstacles rise up to impede the onward march of the race; great mysteries in nature stare us in the eyes; vast problems in human life, seem to defy the powers of mind, and challenge it to solve them if it can. But the mountains are leveled with the sea, the rough places are made smooth, the crooked straight, and the very secrets of Nature, are made to yield up their store-house of treasure for the benefit of man.

In all these conquests of mind over the blind and stubborn forces in nature, there is a ceaseless, ever-restless conflict, which serves to refine, strengthen, and unfold the latent energies and faculties of the human soul. Even vegetable growth is dependent on the same conditions of contention and strife.—Drop a seed into the bosom of mother earth, and forthwith there is war there. The cold noisome elements of the soil commence their work of aggression, anxious to get at something better than they possess, just as death aims his arrows at sweetest mortals, and malice and slander seek a shining mark. But watch the conflict, and behold the fate of the seed. A thousand malignant secession fiends storm the frail citadel of life, to sap the fountain of sweetness which sleeps in the germ. Fermentation, attraction and repulsion, chemical affinity and chemical resistance, are all engaged in the conflict of life and death. The good and bad, the high and low, the bitter and sweet, are drawn together in battle array, and “the contest deepens.” The slumbering germ, like a giant refreshed by sleep, is aroused to *action*. It chafes in its narrow prison-house and madly beats against the bars that hold it, till at last, reinforced by kindred elements, it bursts the fetters that bind it, drives back the mortal foe, and springs into life, a flower of transcendent beauty and fragrance! Those noisome, hateful

elements, that sought the sweet germ of life, not only did not gain it, but in the contest lost even what little virtue they possessed, which went to swell the form and beauty of the unfolding blossom. And thus it ever is in every conflict; truth, beauty and freedom triumph in the end.

All progress in religions, in governments, in social and political advancement, are governed by the same laws and conditions of agitation and strife. No sooner was the infant Jesus dropped down into the soil of humanity, than his pure life was sought by a Herod. Through all his earthly existence, did the enemies of truth and love pursue him with relentless hate, pouring upon his devoted head the vials of their wrath and madness, and were only satisfied when they left the bleeding, mangled form that held the immortal spirit, hanging on the cross of Calvary. You and I know the end of this bloody, moral tragedy. What the enemies of Jesus sought in his murder and physical death they obtained not, while there were a thousand hearts less hardened, that were touched with fire from off the altar of Love, which rallied around the cross of the martyr and bore his principles in triumph o'er the world.

The inquisitions, the burnings, the bloody martyrdoms, have all been the seeds of the true church. This opposition, rebellion and treason against freedom and truth, are things that must needs be, but woe to them by whom they come. The Jews, though they knew it not, were indirectly working for the spread of truth when they persecuted and drove its teachers from among them. Men act, and think they are free agents, but even their evil deeds are made subserviant to good purposes by the All-wise Disposer of events.

These illustrations furnish evidence enough, I think, to show that conflicts and agitations are the natural course of things, belonging to no especial order of beings, but as universal as the empires of Nature herself.

We discover, also, that they are common to the earlier developments of life; and that the grand, glorious result of each conflict is, **PROGRESS**.

We may not be able to trace in a successive chain of events, the good to the world that followed the conquests of Alexander and Napoleon, yet that humanity has been more benefited by them than injured, I as verily believe as I do in the existence of God. There are no chance results, or “draw games” on Nature’s great chess-board, but ever the Right comes uppermost; and Truth and Justice ultimately triumph in victory.

Having hastily examined the *nature* and *uses* of war, let us take a look into its *origin*—the secret causes of contention and strife. Every effect has its natural and legitimate cause in the nature of things. This is an axiomatic truth or proposition, which none will deny. War, then, we might define to be the *effect* of the placing together of two or more antagonistic elements, incompatible and unlike in their very essence. The meeting of these elements results in opposition,—war and an “irrepressible conflict.” Why this is so, is not our province to enquire. The *why* of anything is difficult to determine; but the fact, however stubborn, exists. Why birds of a feather flock together; why the buffalo will not herd with the wild horse; why like attracts like and repels unlike, are all mysteries; but nevertheless are true, and governed by inexorable law. Where these natural antipathies, inequalities, and repulsions exist in the world of matter or mind; whether in States, Governments, or Nations, there is no power in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, that can make them fraternize and live together in harmony. God himself, for some wise purpose of his own, has placed enmity between them; and vain, O, man, will be all thy efforts to make them dwell in unity and love. The religion of Jesus was as unlike the religion of the Jews as light and darkness, virtue and vice, freedom and slavery. Hence the conflict, the persecution and bloody tragedy of Calvary; and the to be expected triumph of the cross. There was an irrepressible conflict between the conscience of Martin Luther and the dogmatisms of the Romish church, which broke out at last in protestations, anathemas, and persecutions; and resulted in the victory of Truth. Be-

tween the Methodist and the Calvinist, the Universalist and the Damnationist, the Spiritualist and the Materialist, this conflict is still raging; and I have no more doubt of a glorious triumph of the principles of right and truth, than I have that to-morrow's sun will rise.

There are but just two conditions of peace between incompatible elements; and these are *separation*, or the *extinction* of one or the other. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and the converse is equally true—What God hath put asunder, let no man put together; if he does, he must be prepared to bear the consequences of violated law.

Powder and fire are incompatible elements. Bring them together and there is an instant explosion. Nothing will make them live together in peace. Though the President, himself, should declare in his inaugural message, that a "union must and shall be preserved" between them, they would not mind him. Neither compromises, concessions, nor time-honored Constitutions would avail to produce harmony and union. Peace Conventions, peace policies and peace overtures would be laughed at—they would explode into thin vapor. Should a John C. Crittenden—well-meaning but short-sighted man—draw up a compromise, full of renewed pledges, securities and concessions, so long, indeed, that it would encircle the globe, when the experiment is tried, and the fire and powder come in contact, the whole thing would only end in smoke, regardless of our feelings. The attempt is vain, simply because there is an irrevocable incompatibility between the two elements which we seek to unite. Our illustration, I admit, is not classical and far-fetched, but it is forcible, and one that we can all understand.

Now, in the light of this simple principle of philosophy, reflecting as it does the immutability of the higher law of Nature and God, let us seek the origin of the great civil conflict which convulses our unhappy land, and with eyes undimmed by prejudice, behold the *only* conditions of peace and unity.

That there is war, I need not inform you; we all know it but too well. A million men are already in arms and the

earth trembles beneath their mighty tread. A million men! ten hundred thousand men with bristling bayonets, pitted against each other in deadly conflict! A million men torn from wives and children, from mothers and sisters, from firesides of comfort and homes of love, from the pursuits of industry and the arts of peace, are already on the battle-field, fighting for victory or death! We cannot comprehend its awful magnitude, and it is well that we cannot; for under the mighty weight the mind would reel and tumble from her throne.

All things considered, no other war recorded on the pages of history, afford a parallel of equal magnitude; unless, perchance, it be the one in Heaven, which, from the great resemblance it bears to the Confederate Rebellion, leads me to think that it was only a prophetic symbol; and that the arch traitor, Lucifer and his confederate imps, who waged the war through personal ambition, were no other than the redoubtable Jeff Davis & Co., who have dragged after them a "third part" of the starry constellation of a heaven-born Republic.

A war so mighty, a conflict so terrible, effects so stupendous, as we behold in the war now raging, must spring from causes as apparent as the noonday sun, and none but the morally blind can fail to see them. What are they then? I answer, **SLAVERY** and **FREEDOM**. What! Freedom to blame? Freedom any way implicated? To blame—just as Jesus and his Apostles were to blame for opposing error and sin, and preaching the Gospel of Love! To blame—just as Luther was to blame for asserting the freedom of conscience and the right of private judgment, which lighted the fires of the inquisition and plunged all Europe in human blood! To blame—just as our fore-fathers were to blame for resisting the encroachments of tyranny and oppression, and for declaring that "all men are created free and equal," which led to the Revolutionary war, and the consequent triumph of Independence and Freedom!

Yes, this war, like every other war, great or small, whether in the elements of matter, or the elements of mind, is the natural and logical sequence of a conflict between naturally an-

tagonistic and incompatible elements: Freedom on the one side, and Slavery on the other; free labor and slave labor; free institutions and slave institutions; free soil and slave soil—yes, these are the opposite and conflicting elements that have grappled in deadly embrace, and one or the other *must die*. No power in the universe can save them both.

Choose ye then, this day, whom you will serve—Freedom or Slavery. One or the other we must part with as a nation; for the judgment day has come, and we can no longer play the farce of trying to serve two masters—either all freedom, or all slavery must be the rule in the future. The free North having long enjoyed the divine benedictions of free institutions, free schools, free speech and free soil, can do no otherwise than enlist their all under the Star Spangled Banner of Freedom. Let the horrid monster, Slavery, die. It has rung tears enough from the eyes of oppressed humanity to float all the navies of earth, and sighs enough to waft them round the globe! Emancipate it, abolish it, confiscate it; any way to compass its death and extinction; for remember the crisis has come and it must now die, or the sun of Freedom will set in midnight darkness over the land of the once free and brave.

The undeniable cause, the only conceivable origin of our present national trouble, is Slavery and its consequent agitation. No labored argument to prove this is necessary. Disguise it as we may, the great struggle is, in fact—in everything but name—a conflict between the opposing interests of Freedom and Slavery; free labor and slave labor. It is so plain a case that a way-faring man, though a “Democrat,” need not err therein.

How, then, shall we preserve the Union of States, sustain Freedom, prevent secession and rebellion, and restore once more the olive branch of peace? I answer, only by the utter extinction of American Slavery.

I am fully aware that I am approaching a subject and urging a necessity, that makes almost the boldest heart quail and shrink from the embarrassing responsibilities of such a course. But what else can we do? what else is left us? We have no

other choice if we would ; therefore let us rise in the might and majesty of our free-born natures and bravely meet this enemy of man, and conquer him once for aye. What must be done, is becoming more and more evident, and every delay but prolongs the contest. In the very nature of things, as we have before hinted, there is an utter and absolute incompatibility between the elements of Freedom and Slavery, and their respective institutions ; and not until God becomes mutable, and Nature forgets herself, can they dwell together in peace.

No two principles in the broad universe can be more opposite and antagonistic than Freedom and Slavery ; and every attempt to make them subsist side by side must end in fearful strife, war and suicidal death. Were there anything in common between them they would embrace as tenderly as sisters and lovers. If they were naturally compatible, no force would be necessary to bring them together in peace ; no compromises, no constitutional guaranties, no legislative enactments, could bind them more firmly than the law of inherent attraction. If incompatible, then must these bonds prove but cables of straw before the raging elements of the storm. As a single drop of water confined in the pent up bowels of earth, may heave the mountain from its base ; so may a Government, a nation, and a vast Union of States be torn asunder, if they seek to confine, in the ground-work of their Constitutions the raging elements of discord.

No better evidence is wanted of the incompatibility of Freedom and Slavery than the mere fact that slavery exists only by positive law,—by unnatural and forcible means. It has, from the beginning of our national existence, asked consitutional guaranties and special legislative enactments to prop it up, to give it respectability and allow it to make a show of pretended rights. But with all this it is impossible for Slavery to have any rights which do not conflict with the institutions of Freedom.

But it may be urged that we may keep them apart, in separate sections of the country, as we separate the magazine of powder from the fire, to prevent explosion. I answer, there

is not room enough on the broad earth for both to exist in harmony, much less in a Union of States under a common flag. Slavery is an aggressive monster that will compass sea and land to find victims to feed its beastly, bloated form. Its only rights are to rob, steal and plunder bleeding innocence ; to enslave the weak, the ignorant and defenceless ; to defy justice, humanity and Heaven.

Beside, nothing can live and remain stationary ; “ *grow, or die,*” is the irrevocable decree of Nature’s God. Could we confine Slavery on some vast island in the midst of the ocean, it must either die, or extend its institutions over other fields. The same is true of Freedom ; it cannot stand still : its heaven-illuminated light must continue to grow brighter, or pale, till the last cloud of oppression shall be dissipated, and the world made free. Could we place Freedom and Slavery at the antipodes of earth, they would ultimately meet and terrible would be the warfare, till one or the other had fallen. Either Freedom, or Slavery, must at last be the sole possessor of this planet ; for it is not large enough for a divided kingdom between institutions, principles and elements so perfectly opposite in all the ingredients of life.

No, we have no alternative, no choice left us in this matter. American Slavery must die—must be abolished—if we would preserve the institutions of Freedom and this glorious Union of States. Nature declares it. The Almighty proclaims it. It is even more than a military necessity ; it is a civil necessity, a life or death necessity.

But why this dire necessity now ? Have they not lived together in harmony through the long years of our national prosperity ? and why may they not continue on as before ? To all these inquiries I answer, there never has been, is not now, and never will be, harmony between Freedom and Slavery, when brought into conflicting relations of interest. When Freedom and Slavery were transplanted in the virgin soil of America—though I admit they sprouted and germinated together—they occupied widely separated sections of the country. Even then, in their earliest infancy, there was

no affinity between them, and has been none since. The framers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, hesitated long before they decided to give any legal rights to a system so much at war with the first principles of our Government, as Slavery.

But the two were permitted to grow; Freedom on one side, and Slavery on the other; one in the garden of the North; the other in the Paradisaical regions of the South.

Freedom grew up a noble, stately tree, loaded with divinest fruits, and beneath her extended boughs, the injured sons of oppression, the slave of the despot, the starving poor, the wronged and oppressed of every land, sought and found a sheltering home.

Slavery grew also, but it came forth a deadly Upas, bearing fruit so poisonous that to eat was moral death. These two trees, so unlike, have grown till their branches touch, and the repulsion of death is in the contact! No, my hearers, the relations between Freedom and Slavery are not now what they were fifty or thirty years ago. They were both young, then, and were far apart, in a relative sense, and could find room to grow without serious conflict. But Slavery was aggressive, or to still continue the natural illustration, must grow, and extend its area of influence or die. But, perhaps, no more aggressive than Freedom and her institutions; for the *life* of both, like everything else hateful or beautiful, depends on the conditions of perpetual growth and progress. The moment a plant, an animal, an institution, a religion, or a government, ceases to grow and improve, that instant it begins to die. Nothing is immortal unless it contains the elements and capacities of endless growth and endless improvement.

I do not blame Slavery for wanting to live; it has an instinct of life natural to itself. I can no more blame it for wanting to live and grow, than I can blame the noxious weeds, and deadly night-shades for wanting to grow in the fair gardens and fields of earth. But I shall blame you if you do not cut down and uproot this poisonous, black-leaved tree of evil, which cumbers the sacred soil in the fair Eden of America, and

threatens to blast and destroy all the flowers of beauty and fragrance which have been planted, cultivated and watered by the hands and tears and blood of patriot saints.

I repeat it, Slavery is aggressive, and as we have seen must be, if it would live. From the first it has stretched forth its black, slimy hands, and like the horse-leech, cried, "Give, give, give."

It has asked for sacred compromises, and when granted, has used them so far as would serve its own selfish ends, and then, with a wantonness only equaled by its heart of lust, turned and rent them into broken shards.

It asked and received a Fugitive Slave Law, converting the free-men of the North into blood-hounds to hunt down the fugitive who sought shelter in our midst, from the tyrant hand of oppression. And if we faltered with a feeling of self-respect, or sympathy for the terrified wretch who was fleeing from the whip of the slave-driver, the militia of a sister State was called out to execute the inhuman demand.

It has asked to have the Supreme Court of the United States recognize property in the souls and bodies of men, and the request has been complied with.

It has asked for concessions, securities and pledges without number, and they have all been granted but too readily.

It asked the almost exclusive control of the nation; and the reins of Government were placed in its hands, and have been held there with the grasp of death for more than half a century.

Yearly it became more aggressive, more insolent and despotic, until the masses, unable longer to bear the burden of oppression, said, "ENOUGH." Longer forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the righteous indignation of a free people was aroused. By just, lawful and constitutional steps they marched to the ballot-box and removed a Pro-Slavery Administration, and placed the reins of Government in the hands of true-hearted, loyal men.

This was the signal for war. True to the inspirations of Slavery, the pampered children of Rebellion commenced the

work of destroying the best Government under the broad canopy of heaven.

The American flag, which like a mantle of charity had kindly hid from the derision of mankind the bloated monster, Slavery, and covered her multitude of sins from human gaze and human disgust, was insulted, trodden under foot, and trailed in the dust ; and in the place of the starry symbol of Freedom, they raised another, bearing slavery's appropriate device—a *poisonous rattle-snake* !

Yes ! time and circumstances have changed the relative position of these naturally antagonistic institutions, so that it is irrevocably out of the question for them to dwell in unity longer. Not even the strong arm of the law can make them ; nor constitutions, nor standing armies, nor floating navies, can ever conquer the mortal hate and enmity which the Author of Nature has placed between them.

The time was when Slavery and Freedom existed, as it were, in two separate worlds ; one way down South, and the other way up North ; but even then there was only comparative peace—certainly no sympathy. This was before man's inventive genius, under the benign blessings of free institutions, had learned to make steam and electricity obedient to his will. It was before railroads, steamboats, and magnetic telegraph wires spanned the continent, and knit it together as a seamless whole. Everything has changed with this new order of things. There is no longer North, South, East or West—time and space are annihilated.

Steam engines, running over a vast net-work of iron rails, and electricity beating and pulsating along threads and nerves of iron with the speed of lightning, have brought together all sections of our country ; huddling together in one family circle the ends of the land. The press, the steam engine and the telegraph, have brought a vast nation face to face. New Orleans and Boston are next door neighbors. Maine and California shake hands across the Rocky Mountains, and send each other greetings of loyalty morning and evening.

We are all “mixed up,” as the boys would say, and if we

have got any incompatible elements among us, look out, for they will certainly "go off." Unfortunately we have got them, and they are going off amid the roar of cannon, the smoke of battle, and all the horrors of a civil war.

An irresistible conflict is raging, only more intensely than in the past, between the institutions of Freedom, and the institutions of Slavery; and it must now go on, in a greater or less degree, till one or the other falls. Any settlement short of that, is only a cessation of hostilities for a season, to be renewed again with greater fury than before. Our enemies cherish a mortal hate against the free institutions of the North, which, I grant, is pretty thoroughly reciprocated on our part; not against the rebellious children of secession, wicked as they are, but against the man-stealing, man-debasing and barbarous system of Slavery. Hence the conflict.

We believe in the dignity of labor, esteeming the industrious farmer, the mechanic, the operative, the school teacher as equal to any; aye, among the chiefest and noblest benefactors of the race.

Our enemies make labor degrading and disgraceful, and denominate Northern freemen, "small-fisted farmers," "mudsills of society," and "greasy mechanics."

The free North wish to carry out the great principles of a true, and man-ennobling Democracy, recognizing the created equality of man and the brotherhood of the race.

The South would establish a cast, a vast monied Aristocracy with an impassable gulf between the pampered drones of luxury, and the enslaved working-classes.

The free North would have a general diffusion of knowledge,—free, public schools, where the poorest and humblest of her subjects can have equal privileges with the rich and opulent.

The children of Rebellion and Robbery abominate free schools, and institutions of learning for any but the privileged few, making it crime and punishable with imprisonment and death to teach their enslaved subjects how to read, even the Lord's Prayer.

The free North would guarantee the broadest freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of the rostrum.

Slavery is out upon all this ; it mobs free-speech, and exercises a surveillance over the pulpit and the press, more despotic than the Autocrat of all Russia.

The North would make Freedom and Liberty the imperishable pillars of our Republic !

The South would form a Confederacy with Slavery and Piracy for its chief corner stone !

My friends, do we see anything in common between the two ? Have we anything to expect from such incompatible and adverse elements but war, strife and agitation ?

But, I hear some timid, though well-meaning, voice, ask if we may not have peace and unity between them if we only stop the agitation of the question of Slavery ? Yes, most certainly we may. But how will you go to work to stop it ? Can you stop the resistless torrent of Niagara ? or stay the ocean's billows ? Can you curb the madness of the whirlwind ? or hold the forked lightnings in your hand ? I assure you one is as easy as the other ; aye, it would be infinitely easier,—and I speak in no extravagant hyperbole,—to make a world than to accomplish what you suggest. Such a thing is naturally, physically and morally impossible. It implies the possibility of a *cause* without an *effect*. Cause and effect are inseparably connected ; one cannot be without the other. The agitation of this question is an *effect*, growing out of the naturally conflicting relations of Freedom and Slavery, and when it culminates it breaks out in rebellion, blood-shed, and civil war.

The only way, consequently, to prevent these direful effects, is to *remove the cause*, which can only be done by the extinction of one or the other ; or by separating them so widely that the same sun cannot shine on both.

But cannot we imprison, or hang the Abolition agitators of Slavery, and thus nip the whole thing in the bud ? You can try it. It is a good thing to experiment—much reflection and wisdom come of it. First try to put out a raging fire by pouring on oil and camphene.

But it is rather late to nip this Abolition agitation, as you call it, in the bud. It went to seed long ago, and a second crop, nourished and watered by the blood of Rhode Island's sons, is growing up and increasing a thousand fold. Cut off the heads of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and they will be replaced by an hundred heads, mightier even than they. Cut off these again, and they will come out like leaves in the spring-time, increasing by geometrical progression! The blow which Slavery dealt Freedom, in the person of Charles Sumner, on the Senate floor of the United States, drew to her defence the shining hosts of heaven!

Again, could you carry out such a proposition, you would not be establishing harmony and union between these separate institutions; you would simply conquer Freedom, leaving Slavery the triumphant victor of the field.

Truly, we have fallen upon troublous times—a Crisis that is a crisis. The things that we would do, we cannot, and the things that we could do, we don't want to. But, friends, do not accuse me of creating this extremely unpleasant dilemma. I have only opened the great Book of Books, and read “the law and the testimony” concerning this thing, according to the Author of Nature. Our situation is simply the result of the logic of events, and the incompatibility existing between the two institutions which we fain would foster under the same sheltering roof.

Knowing our duty, then, and the only choice left us, shall we longer wait before we buckle on the whole armor of Righteousness, and go forth to slay the malignant monster that has ever been, and is now, the only enemy of Freedom and Liberty, and all that we profess to love and revere in the institutions our fathers have planted.

But, it is still asked, can we *preserve the Union* and have peace, by the abolition and extinction of slavery? If the principles we have already laid down, and which are founded in the nature and constitution of things be true, it is certainly and morally positive that we cannot preserve a union with it; so that we are no further out of our dilemma than before;

and it seems to me that, where nothing is at stake, and the foe has challenged us to battle, wisdom would dictate the experiment.

But suppose it possible to conquer a peace, restore the old order of things, and set this rebellious monster up in business again, is there anything in the elements of Slavery it could give us as bonds to keep the peace? Rather is there not every reason to believe it would break them should it make them? Are not its hands red with the blood of Northern Freemen? Is not its heart black with treason? and its head drunk with the wine of madness and wrath?

If there was anything in the past antecedents of Slavery to inspire us with confidence, we might cherish the thought; but laying aside the inexorable fact of the natural antagonism that exist, there is absolutely nothing on which we can safely predicate a ray of hope. The history of Slavery and oppression is before us, and forbids it. As soon might we look for mercy to the helpless dove in the bloody talons of the vulture, as to expect honor and fidelity in the hearts of those who claim a legal and divine right to traffic in the souls and bodies of men and women—the right to enslave, rob and ravish injured innocence. But it is morally impossible to conquer such a peace as we have supposed. When a war of antagonistic elements has commenced, it never grows less except with the expiring life of one or the other; unless they can be parted, which in the case of Freedom and Slavery, is impossible without taking one or the other out of the Union.

But what a war this would be to record on the pages of history for our children, and rising generations to read, should it end where it begun! O, how aimless! how objectless! how Godless! A gigantic Rebellion, conceived in the lust of slavery, nursed in the bosom of apostacy, and cradled in the arms of treason, to support oppression and piracy; and yet twenty million freemen have not the moral courage to reach forth the hand and strangle this horrid monster of lust; but with outstretched arms, and proposals of a still more tender embrace, would fain restore it to wanton indulgence in the very coun-

cil chambers of the Senate, there to hatch its brood of vipers in the heart of the nation! Forbid it, Almighty God. Forbid it, ye sainted patriots of Seventy-Six. Forbid it, for the honor of your sires, ye children of the Revolution.

No! it shall never be: it has forfeited life and all claims to protection, and must now die, without absolution or grace. Nature's God has pronounced its doom, and bid us slay it, and bury it from the world's sight, with this one only single word for its epitaph—MONSTER.

But have we a *legal right* to thus interfere with Slavery and abolish it? Is it constitutional? Tender to the last, I suppose you mean, can the Constitution of the United States kill it easy like? Though I am arguing this question on the grounds of philosophy, and the inevitable operation of laws and principles which pay no kind of regard to parchment and paper, only to Nature and her authority, yet I am constrained to believe that the Constitution, the Senate and the House of Representatives, together with the Declaration of Independence, old General Jackson's military tactics, and seven hundred thousand Northern freemen, with bayonets in their hands *can slay the monster*. But if they cannot, we had better muster them all out of the service, and send forth a regiment or two of our grandmothers, armed and equipped with broomsticks and rolling-pins.

But seriously, my friends, though I do not claim to be a constitutional lawyer, neither have I aimed to discuss this subject on other than philosophical grounds, yet would it not be very strange, to say no more, that a great nation like ours would frame a Constitution without making some kind of provision to protect and preserve the life of the Government when in danger? Can it be possible that we are involved in a dilemma so hopelessly inextricable as that? Did the immortal Jefferson leave us such a legacy? a charter that would serve us well when the political heavens are bright and the sea smooth, but when the evil hour comes, and the sky is darkened with the smoke of battle, and the fierce tempest of treason and rebellion rage around us, that then it shall prove only

as fetters of steel, to bind us hand and foot, without power to move the helm, and save the ship of State from dashing on the breakers, a hopeless wreck? Surely this cannot be, and we will not cherish the thought. There must be a Constitutional provision, and the war-power, or Congress, or both together, may use it.

It may still be asked how shall we proceed to abolish the institution? That question is not for me to answer. I designed only to point out the origin of the evil, and prescribe the remedy, viz: the utter *extinction of American Slavery*,—leaving the manner of its death to our legislative Executioners. Congress is already discussing your question, and—thank God—the signs are hopeful. You and I—“the people”—are to decide what measures are needed for the public weal; and we place sufficient confidence in the ability of our representatives to believe they can find ways and means enough to execute our orders. Having made our decision, forced to it by the only alternative left us by the enemy, we need not be over-scrupulous and tender-hearted about the manner, or respectability of its decease—only be sure that its earthly existence is brought to a close.

Other questions come up, such as, “What will we do with the liberated slaves? shall they be colonized?” etc., questions, which, though their answer be one thing or the other, do not relieve us in any way from the first great necessity, are, nevertheless, vast and important problems which the future exigences of the case must solve.

But let us do our first duty to-day, and strength and wisdom will be given us to meet the responsibilities of to-morrow. Let us do what God and Justice and the highest inspirations of the soul declare to be the only way to perpetuate the Union and the blessings of peace. We can place no confidence in the ultimate triumph of any cause which is not founded in the most benevolent principles of justice and right. The success of our Revolutionary fathers was not so much in their superior generalship and strength of arms, as in the righteousness of the cause they espoused. Their electrifying watch-word was

“Independence, Liberty and Freedom.” But to-day, under a change of circumstances the voice of a nation falters with the soul-stirring shout of *viva la Freedom, viva la Liberty*; for there comes in the echo the mournful wail of the manacled slave.

As the Revolution was a war for national Independence, so let this be a war for national Freedom; not for a part, but for the whole; not in one section of the Union only, but throughout the land—

“Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout “FREEDOM” till your lipping ones
Give back their cradle shout.”

The just claims of the world, in consideration of the long interruption of its business and commerce, demand of us that we now “*Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.*”

The trembling hearts and lips of four million enslaved sons and daughters of Africa, call on us in the sacred name of Freedom, to break off the yoke of bondage, and liberate them from a doom more terrible than death.

God himself, speaking in his Providence, warns us of our duty.

The history of the world—the rise and fall of kingdoms, nations and empires, admonish us in a voice of thunder, to BEWARE—to see to it that this mighty element of discord and national death in our midst, be removed far from us.

Justice, with uplifted hand, says, “Do it, or receive the thunder-bolt of Jehovah’s ire.”

Freedom, with tears in her eyes, and covered with wounds, abjures us by the mercies of Heaven, by the love of God and his angels, by the tears and groans of the captive, that we emblazon upon our starry banners, “FREEDOM FOR ALL!”